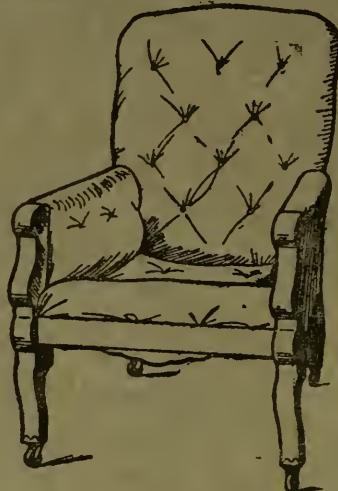


VOL. XXXVIII.

NUMBER EIGHT





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ACTA VICTORIANA



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Published monthly during the College year by the Union Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto.



ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XXXVIII. TORONTO, JUNE, 1914.

NO. 9

ADVENTURE

To the Out-Going Class of '14; "Our Freshies."

O LORD, the way that Thou wouldest have me take
Is storm crossed. Withering Tempests hide
In those high sullen hills,
Writhing in wrath to be let loose
Upon my voyaging.

Is there no other way than this my craft may sail?
Yon river's gleaming invitation lies
Fair in the morning sun;
But those iron massy hills,
Their clefts are places where dread Storm abides,
There is eternal menace in their mien.

Great Lord, may Haven only lie
Beyond the gates they keep,
Beyond the terrors of their hurtling Wrath,
Beyond the evil of their couchant Threat?

I am afraid!
These tremulous untrimmed sails,
This prow not wrought for Tempest,
This little compass with unsteady eye,
All these are feeble things.
I dare not tempt the shining river,
Sailing sunny down
To great wave thundering Storm.
Great Lord of Peace, I dare not!

So spake I in a little port,
Safe in a summer,
Far from the great sea.

But came an answer swift :
“ Tempt thou the Storm !
Brave out upon the ever widening stream.
There is no danger mighty hearts may fear.
The menace of the couchant hills,
Of swift, unrecking, awful Tempest Grip,
Of rattling air, ripped heavens,
Striding seas—
This menace fear thou not,
Thy sails, thy prow, thy compass all are brave
If thou are brave.

“ Brave to ride in at last upon an ocean’s tide,
Safe into harbour by the harbour bell,
Where happy lights shine out along the shore
Soft eyed in twilight as the sun goes down.

“ —But only shalt thou eome
Safe into Harbour
If thou tempt the Storm.
Thy present inland port
Is far from the wide sea,
Far from Great Harbour,
And far, too far, from Me.”

—*Arthur L. Phelps.*

A New Step in Victoria's Financial Policy

CHANCELLOR BOWLES.

One very important step was taken by the Board of Regents at its annual meeting on May 8th. No one acquainted with the recent history of Victoria will be surprised to know that there is the most urgent need to increase the financial income of the college. Increased cost of living and increased numbers of students and changes in the curriculum of Arts studies making increases in the staff a necessity, have brought matters to where vigorous action is imperative. And so the Board, on the recommendation of its Finance Committee, decided to create the office of Bursar, or Superintendent of Finance, and to appoint a man to take up, with other duties, the responsibility of adding a half-million dollars to the endowment fund. Perhaps this action should have been taken at the time the magnificent gift of Burwash Hall was made. Certainly the undertaking has been postponed to the latest possible date, with safety to the great interests of our College. The situation at present would cause much anxiety indeed were it not that the interest of the Methodist Church in her oldest and largest educational institution can be relied on to respond to any reasonable appeal.

It was in no pessimistic fashion that the Board took the action it did. When one recalls the success of previous efforts of this kind in Victoria, in Wesley, in Wesleyan and in Mount Allison; when he notices the magnificent part played by our Methodist people in the support of Hospitals and Y.M.C.A.'s, in Toronto and elsewhere, he cannot doubt the success of this enterprise. Somewhere in the Church, either in its ministry, or, better still if possible, among the young laymen of recent graduation, there will be found some positive undertaking man who will push this thing to success. Among other good omens I count as very significant the splendid action of the Class of '89 at its meeting on the 25th anniversary of its graduation. Evidences of the loyalty of Victoria's sons and daughters increase with the years. The effects of the change to Toronto have been outlived. Our college is encompassed by the love and devotion of all her children.

Apart from this financial matter, the reports from the various departments of the work of the year were very encouraging. Perhaps the most interesting report was the one from Burwash Hall, this being the first year of its history. It looks as if the Hall will pay its way at the present rates, and the promise is that the residence next year will be filled with Victoria students only.

Weary

I'm weary of the markets,
 Of walls and towers high;
I long for open spaces;
 I want to see the sky.

Oh, take me where the breezes
 Across the moorlands sweep
The fragrance of the forest,
 The odours of the deep!

I'm weary of the noises
 That desecrate the day;
I'm homesick for the stillness
 Of hillsides far away,

Where, 'mid the mighty silence
 Of nature, I should be,
Companion of the mountain
 And comrade of the sea.

From *Love and the Universe*, by DR. A. D. WATSON.

The Class Prophecy, 1914

(FOREWORD: A peep into the year 1939 discovers arrangements in full swing for a reunion of the class of 1914, Victoria. Miss Fourteen and Mr. Onety-Four are seated at the table in the commodious Library at Annesley Annex, discussing and perfecting plans. The following conversation is overheard, introduced by Mr. Onety-Four.)

"—So I just made all the arrangements possible. The caterer is to do his best for us, though the Medical Health Officer is more and more strict. And the Dean has promised that the lights will not be put out before twelve."

"Then the really big thing is the invitation list. And I thought that this afternoon——"

"We can go over it at once. It gives one a queer feeling to be saying over these familiar names again after twenty-five years. We'll begin with the ladies, shall we?"

"I have them all in prosy alphabetical order, just like class lists. Aileen Augustine is in Prince Albert, trying to reduce the high cost of living by applying πr^2 formulas to housekeeping."

"Fancy a Mathematics and Physics pudding!"

"Quite scientific. Beatrice Clarke has an orphan asylum in Labrador. Then Mabel Cinnamon is travelling saleslady for the Consolidated Spice Producers of the West Indies. The company's office at Ceylon will find her. Olive Cruikshank is organizing Women's Institutes in the Balkan States. Viola Dobson——"

"I can't absorb it all so quickly. Miss Dobson——"

"Senorita Violetta of grand opera fame. She is to sing for us. Amy Edwards has given up all thought of a career, and is exerting a quiet and steady influence in her own domestic circle."

"Home Rule in Calgary! I heard one of her addresses to the Consumers' League."

"Marjorie Flanders is on a commission investigating the Women's Student Council situation in Eastern universities——"

"But I thought it was heating systems!"

"Just a side line. One of Marjorie's whims. Ambia Going is in Settlement work at Ashcroft. Ambia can settle folks, if that is what it means. Bertha Herington is into social service among the factory girls of Tokio, without even time for skating. Daisy Jones——"

"You ought to see her shingle: 'D. E. K. JONES, A.R.C.M., FLETCHER METHOD.' Isn't it hard on the neighbors?"

"Apparently not, judging from the way property values are soaring in her vicinity. Marion Kearney is conducting French and German tours, with Ina McCauley as secretary. Their plan to *do* Europe turned out after all."

"If they *do* their tourists in the same proportion——"

"Not the K.-Mae. people. Absolutely reliable. And Dorothy Luke is president of the Federated Ladies' Hockey Assoeiations."

"The accident insurance companies ought to give her a testimonial. The Federation has been a boon to them."

"Then comes Flossie Lackner. Head of the Department of Philosophy in Annesley Ladies' College. Imagine our loss if we had not seen the absurdity of co-education! I shudder to think of it. And Kathleen McCoy is a K.C., and as clever as three Philadelphia lawyers. Muriel MacDonald has taken up library work, and is revising Skeat's Etymological Dictionary in her spare time."

"It's not fair at all. There won't be anything left for the men to do."

"You had your way long enough. Now it is *our* turn. Lulu McGinn has taken over the general managership of the Kearney-McCauley Agency. Muriel Manning is an authority on dietetics, and chief of the Johns Hopkins Hospital staff."

"They ought to have a Medical Health Off——"

"But Muriel combines all that with her work. Grace Morgan is Y. W. C. A. Secretary at Pekin. Tannis Reid is physical director in the Royal Victoria College at Montreal. She uses the Müller system, and is achieving splendid results. Helen Scott is retired, and amuses herself coaching Dorothy Luke's hookey teams. Olive Shourds is in Hankow University——"

"Yes, I just had word from Clip. that they would be delighted to come. It's only nine hours by express, high level route, this time of year."

"Then there is Alma Thompson. Keeping a fancy goods shop in New York."

"Is that where the 'Thompson Stitch' idea came from? Because all the knitted ties are done up that way, and the haber-

dashers are making a mint of money at our expense. I can't see any difference——”

“It's worth it just to be in the fashion. But beware of imitations. If Ruby Wigle were here, she would write a limerick about it. Just to think that Ruby is assistant editor of *Punch*!”

“Another encroachment! But nobody could grumble in this case. If anyone did, he would be put into a limerick for his pains.”

“Well, that ends my list, Mr. Onety-Fonr. Shall we go on with yours?”

“Mine is even more scattered than yours, I think. Leland Albright has retired to his fruit farm in the Okanagan Valley. Some farm, too. By the way, do you remember when that expression used to be slangy? For instance, I could never imagine Albright using it.”

“But he said that Tennyson was ‘some poet,’ didn't he? I have really forgotten. And who is next?”

“John Allen, K.C. He used to be K.C.M.G. as well, you know, but the reforms that followed the Ulster Rebellion disposed of that. So Jack is plain K.C.”

“But we always thought him rather handsome. Very well, I'll promise to be serious.”

“Frank Armstrong is into politics. He really intended to be a lawyer, but the sights he saw as constable at the moek trial seemed to discourage him. He is still in British Columbia.”

“Is he the Armstrong that introduced the bill to repeal woman suffrage? If it is, I—I simply won't speak to him.”

“Oh, that will blow over. Hm! Let me see, Harold Bentley is first tenor in the Boston Lyric Quartette. The “Bob” started him on *his* career. And where do you suppose Beynon is? Off with Billy James and Staples and Charlie Wood on a camping tour in the East. It's exploration, of course, and I suppose they enjoy it.”

“But will they be back in time?”

“Had them on wireless yesterday. They'll be here. John Bishop is coming, too. President of the Newfoundland Conference. He preaches in Convocation Hall a week from Sunday.”

“Then our people will have a splendid chance to hear him.”

“Enos Brett is trying out landscape gardening. He had to do *something* when the real estate boom broke again last year,

and this just suits his artistic temperament. Harold Brewster is Mayor of Brantford City."

"Too bad! He should have stayed at water polo. It would have made him famous."

"You would be surprised how hard it was to locate some of the class. Now, if I had been Secretary, instead of that fellow Bowles, I would have had some sort of record—"

"They tell me Dr. Bowles has had marvellous success with his institutional church at Prince Rupert. He even has a flourishing Modern Language Club in connection with it. Who comes next?"

"Fred Brown. He is in Revelstoke. Brown & McKee, I think it is, or McKay, or—oh, that's close enough. And James Burns is at Burns' Landing. New ore discoveries just last week, they tell me. Arney Burt is President of the World Confederation of—what's this? Can you make out this writing?"

"Why, it looks like 'Ladies' Aids!'"

"Just what it is. Head office at Hamilton."

"Oh, you men are usurping women's places everywhere! Well, I'll not interrupt any more."

"Norman Chisholm is Commissioner of Immigration."

"But I thought he was a lawyer."

"Quite right. But, you see, he always won his cases, and there was not enough variety in it to suit him. Now, Otto Clipperston has almost too much excitement. He's a dentist in Inland China somewhere, and never knows, even at this late date, when he pulls a native's tooth, whether his head is safe or not. And Copeland—"

"Social Service Commission. Isn't he chairman?"

"Yes, but hadn't you heard that he was offered a chair at "Vic." in the Philosophy Department? I question whether he will accept, though. He's too busy. Then there is Tom Cornett, Honorary President of the International Polity Club, no less. Wonder what Tom is blowing his trumpet about now. And Gordon Crow—"

"We heard he was at Ottawa."

"Right again. Ever since the abolition of the Senate two years ago he has been trying to establish a House of Lords down there. And Norman Found, poor fellow, was lost on that last expedition to Mars."

"There are too many lives being sacrificed. It was the same with aeroplanes."

"Yes, but think of the discoveries these men make. Take Horace Heath, for instance. Professor Heath wrote me just a few weeks ago about his new metal. 'Victorium,' he calls it. Solves the whole problem of storage batteries. But there were some dangerous experiments. Well—Hopper and Houghton are in partnership in a departmental store somewhere in West Oakville. I think Hopper is the millinery specialist. 'Hopper & Houghton!' Euphonious, isn't it?"

"I hope he's doing something to modify these absurd fashions. Why, when we were at College——"

"My dear lady, it was the same story. But—Howard Howell is President of the newest Canadian Transcontinental. I'll have to see him about a——pass. And Billy James is with Beynon——"

"Well, but wasn't he with the Winslow people?"

"Yes, but they found that soothing syrup was not popular on the Continent. Next is Douglas Jeffs—Dr. Jeffs now. Quite converted to Oslerism. Says he believes all mutts should be chloroformed at sixty. And then comes Wilbur Lawrence. He is on a holiday after that big insurance case. Taking an aero trip around the world."

"Is he running away, then?"

"Oh, no. Not necessary in his case. He was the lawyer. You would never recognize MacDowell. He is President of the Business Men's Athletic Association in the city here. But it is only a nominal office, for Mac hasn't seen his boot-tops for years. Fred Maines is running an industrial school in Japan under the Inland Offices."

"Do you suppose he keeps up his driving?"

"I don't know about that, but he's teaching those little Japs how to farm. And Hubert Martindale—we can find Dr. Martindale through the Mendelssohn Choir offices. It must be five years since he stepped in there. Art Mason we can reach through his publisher. His new book is a 'best seller' with a vengeance."

"What is it—a novel?"

"Supra-Labial Hirsutology," and written by an authority, let me tell you. It's the result of long experience. Then comes McCamus—W. R. McCamus, Classics Master, Swansea College."

"Isn't it splendid of him! A McCamus of the McCamis!"

"And you haven't forgotten McFadden. The Doctor is giv-

ing a course of lectures at Edinburgh on ‘Non-Sensory Knowledge and the Degree of Certainty.’ Mac will make them sit up. Roy McWilliams is still in Timbuctoo.”

“I wonder where he keeps his collection of souvenir spoons.”

“Probably has it with him where he can see it grow. J. G. Millian is ‘Millionaire Millian,’ York Club, Toronto. John Moyer, now, is lecturing in Europe and Asia under the University Extension Board. I’ll give you three guesses at his subject.”

“Student Control!”

“How ever did you know? Then comes Dr. J. Spence Reid. Just received the Nobel Prize for isolating the tennitis germ. Doctors used to wonder always why students could not work in early spring. A wonderful discovery. And Joseph Reid is Mayor of Prince Albert. He made his money out of an antiquary shop. Then there is Rice——”

“Where is he now?”

“G. D. L. is a missionary in Arabia. And Raymond Richards is a parson—‘The Popular Parson’ they call him out in the North. And Grant Robertson—*gaudeamus igitur*—is Dean the Second.”

“Veni, vidi, vici! Heredity or environment?”

“Both. Then Roy Rodd is Principal of the Academy of Expression at Cobalt. Long live the President! And Roscoe Rodd is leader of the Democratic party in the Dominion House. Not exactly a couch of roses. Now, Rosborough has a *comfortable* job at the Ottawa Observatory. He has a comet named after him, and meddles with the weather occasionally.

“You forgot the music of the spheres: ‘Everybody here knows Rosie.’ ”

“Encore! Did you hear that Ruston had refused a knighthood? He felt that, as editor of the *Mail and Empire*, he had a duty to the public——”

“How are the mighty fallen!”

“Harold Sifton is in full charge of the Biological Museum. When a man can popularize science as he has done——”

“Do you remember the operation on Moyer for ladybug? The specimen is in a glass case at the Museum.”

“Wonder if the butter——Never mind! The Hon. Sir Morley Smith, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, will be chairman at the

banquet. We have his promise. Charlie Smythe is Canadian Ambassador to Japan, and is to come in his official outfit."

"It seems a relic of barbarism, this business of gold braid and brass buttons. Now, if they had perpetuated caps and gowns——"

"Disappeared entirely, and it's too bad. Well——W. J. Southcombe has offices at Southcombe, Alta. Oh yes, he gave up classics for the subdivision business. Did you ever hear of Southcombe Heights?"

"And he seemed so honest."

"Roy Stafford is Secretary of the Italian Mission Board. Staples is with the Beynon party. And Stouffer is editor of the '*Canadian Times*.' The moral of that is——"

"Varsity and Browning!"

"Then comes a long name that I can hardly make out. It looks like an alphabet."

"Why, it's John Taylor, and these are degrees."

"So it is. President of the National Classical Association, and—I declare! He celebrates his silver wedding this very year! And Clifford Treleaven is making a splendid success of his detective agency. The mock trial again. It was really Treleaven that discovered who stole the butter——"

"The butter was never stolen. It ran away."

"Ancient history now, I'm afraid. Clarence Willows, by the way, is an out-and-out reformer. As actor-manager, he is trying to revive the oral drama. But the 'movies' have such a grip on the public that it's a hard task. Charlie Wood is out exploring, we said. And Zimmerman has the chair in homiletics at 'Vic.' Theological Seminary. Zim, is the last word in homiletics, and Z is the last letter in the alphabet, and that finishes my list."

"We have done well to find them all. I am going to ring for tea, and we'll have a cozy chat about the changes you see."

"Changes? It's not the same place at all. Two receptions a year, they tell me. No 'Bob'; no 'Conversat'; no Senior Dinner after they tried to divide it. Nobody seems to think of anything but work. If you don't mind, I should like to see those scrap pictures you were telling me about. And it won't be our fault if the old College doesn't ring again with the spirit and good-fellowship of 1914, even if it did all happen twenty-five years ago. Sugar and cream both, thank you!"

The Lure of the Mountains

Far away in the West, is the land I love best,
 With its mountains and forests and streams,
 And to-night silently it is calling to me,
 And I see it again in my dreams.
 Once again to my eyes its great towering peaks rise,
 With their crests all a-gleaming with snow,
 And the proud forest trees, as they stir in the breeze,
 Are all calling and want me to go.

Yes, they want me to go, and I'm sure that they know
 How sweet is their call to my ears,
 For I now seem to stand in their great fairy land,
 'Neath the trees that are hoary with years.
 Now the sun has gone down and a rose circled crown
 Softly rests on each snow mantled peak:
 All around me is still, and my heart is athrill,
 With such wonder as tongue cannot speak.

I've been travelling all day, and it hasn't been play,
 Every step I've had alder to fight,
 And the weight of the pack has been galling my back,
 But the load of my heart has been light.
 Soon my fire will blaze high, sending sparks to the sky,
 And the woods to my axe-stroke will ring,
 Then with bannock and rice, and hot coffee served twiee,
 I've a supper that's fit for a king.

Now the mountain tops frown, and in anger hurl down
 Their defiance and scorn from on high,
 While the angel of night, in her darkening flight,
 Spreads her star-spangled robe o'er the sky.
 Then a wonderful peace bids all turmoil to cease,
 As I gaze at the star-worlds above,
 I lie worshipping there, and my lips form a prayer,
 For I know that the Master is Love.

H. B.

The Charm

There was once a princess so beautiful that her very shadow shone brighter than the sun itself, and a prince so brave that the giants and ogres trembled at the mere mention of his name.

It happened one day that the prince, in search of adventures, travelled into the princess' country and slew the three cruellest giants recorded in history. The grateful king rode out with his court to meet the hero, and the princess rode along too, with the birds twittering ecstatically about her in the sunbeams as she passed.

The moment the prince saw her he fell madly in love; but as he approached eagerly to speak, he found to his horror that he was dumb! Not a word, not a syllable, could he utter. The most frantic effort was powerless to recall the least echo of his voice, for the princess had deprived him of speech. In abject mortification he broke off the ceremony of thanksgiving, put spurs to his horse, and rode away.

He wandered about disconsolately for days, vainly seeking to recover speech that he might ride back to the princess and tell her his love. But his tongue remained tied, and he began to despair of ever communicating with her at all. He did not think of sending a letter, nor could he have sent one if he had thought of it; for, in those days of romance, the duty of princes was to seek adventures, war against enchantment, and abjure all trifling with reading and writing and the other branches of black magic.

The prince tried to bring back the power of speech by performing deeds of valour, and he scoured the country in search of ogres and demons and hideous monsters to slay in honour of the princess. Day after day he rode up and down the land, helping old men and women against oppressive giants, rescuing maidens from enchanted castles, ravaging the haunts of fabulous beasts, and smashing the spells of the most objectionable devils and hobgoblins, until at last his name became so terrible that giants fell dead at the sound of his horse's hoofs, and the dragons fled howling with fright. Sadly and silently he pursued them to their lairs and slew them without a word. But never a monster slain could bring back the power of speech.

Despairing of ever regaining speech through his own deeds of valour, he resolved to seek a charm from some wise man acquainted with necromantic spells. He travelled night and day, through the forests and over the mountains, in search of the oldest and wisest magicians. The more cunning set him impossible tasks to perform; the more honest merely frowned and shook their heads, declaring that all the wisdom of all the sages could never cope with such enchantment. The prince rode on in silence from land to land, and his hopes sank daily with the sun.

Meanwhile the princess was no less unhappy, for she had fallen in love with the prince and now wondered at his silence. She was so beautiful that it was impossible for her to believe her love could fall unregarded, but weeks passed and she heard nothing of the prince, but vague rumours of dragons slain and ogres sent violently to rest.

In the palace lived an old, old man, so old that there existed not even a legend ancient enough to tell who he was and whence he came. The princess used to go to him constantly for advice, for he was the most learned of astrologers: and she now besought him to tell her what had happened to the prince, and how she might find him again. When the old man had heard her tale and had diligently examined the horoscope, the princess came away laughing and dancing, so happy and so beautiful that sunbeams streamed out into the sky from the palace windows.

It chanced that as the prince wandered about in despair, he heard news of the sudden appearance of a strange witch, so old that she remembered the beginning of the world; so hideous that she had lost her sight through beholding her image in a pool of water, and that she now struck blind all who were unfortunate enough to look upon her face; so wise that she had taught the Sphinx its riddle, and that she knew all secrets and could cure all manner of afflictions. As a last hope the prince betook himself to her, resolved that if she failed him he would ride away into unknown lands and die valiantly fighting unheard of monsters.

The prince found the witch in a hovel near the palace gate. The people blindfolded him at the door lest the ugliness of the hag should destroy his sight. As he entered, a strange and quavering voice fell upon his ear. Truly the old witch knew all secrets, for her question was this:

"Is your love so great that you will make any sacrifice to recover speech?"

The prince bowed in assent. He had anticipated parting with the customary half of his kingdom.

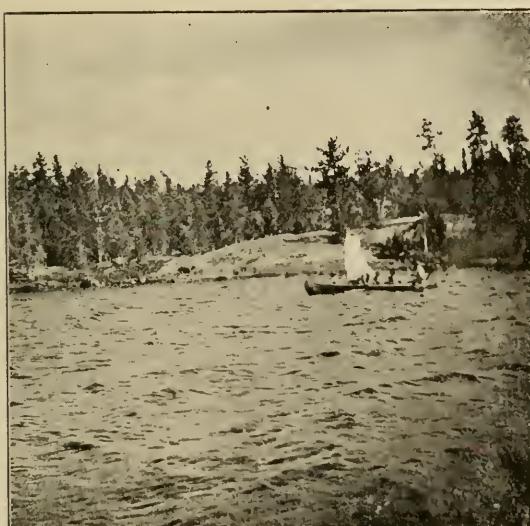
"There is but one cure," continued the witch. "Attend. Grant me the *whole* of your kingdom, and I will give you the charm to unlock your love."

The prince bowed again in eager assent, and as he did so he felt lips pressed against his cheek while soft hands unloosed the cloth from his eyes, and he looked up and saw it was the princess herself.

"Oh!" he cried.

And they talked happily ever after.

P. W., '15.



A Bit of Real Life

It was New Year's Eve, and the doctor, wearied and exhausted, threw himself down in the armchair before the fireplace to rest. He had seen so much of sickness and sorrow the past few days, that he longed to get away from it all for awhile, but, at present, the only available refuge was in the quiet of his own room in the hospital. However, the cheerful grate fire, the comfortable chair, and the bright bunches of holly, hanging from the mantel, sole remnants of the Christmas festivities—did much to alleviate the sombre mood in which the doctor was indulging. Was it worth the trouble? he mused. There seemed to be so much sorrow in the world, in spite of the constant efforts to lessen it.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new," called out a merry voice in the street below, and the doctor listened. Where had he heard those words before:

" Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow:
The year is going, let him go."

"Ah!" he thought, "those happy bells would do much, if they could but ring out sorrow from the lives he had touched that day, and ring in for them, hope and joy with the New Year." He turned to the window to catch a glimpse of the author of this happy greeting, but he had vanished, and all was quiet in the street below. The world outside was beautiful. The snow had been falling steadily since early in the afternoon. At first great, lazy flakes sauntered slowly down to earth, as if reluctant to leave their home in the gray, fleecy clouds, and then the flakes fell thicker and faster until the ground was covered with the huge white carpet, which cast such a soft mellow light over everything.

The doctor drew his chair still closer to the fire, and as he sat gazing into its depths, his thoughts turned to home and its happy associations, and for a time he forgot the world in which he was living—a world of work and constant anxiety for others. For several hours the magic wand of the past cast its spell over him, and then some hostile spirit in the form of a chill north-easter, whistling down the chimney, broke that spell, and brought

him back to reality. Nature had changed her peaceful aspect of a few hours' previous. The snow had almost ceased, but a piercing north-east wind had now full sway, catching up little flurries of snow, hurling them upwards in a mad whirl, then sweeping them onward at a rapid pace. There was promise of a wild night, as if Nature were unwilling to let the old year go without a struggle.

How glad the doctor was that he could stay in that night! The room never looked quite so attractive nor the fire quite so bright. He was just congratulating himself on being able to enjoy them, when a sharp rap at the door shattered his hopes. The door opened slightly and William's deep, gruff voice called out: "A young laddie in the office to see you, sir. If you take my advice, you won't go out to-night." The door closed again, and the echo of William's footsteps died away, as he hobbled down the corridor. It was long past office hours, and how was it William had found the lad? What could it mean? Surely no one had come for him this night! Had he not been out three nights already that week, and physically nature was almost at the point of rebellion? The nervous strain had been very heavy the last few days, and he couldn't stand everything. Besides, there was another doctor available in the town. No, he would not go out to-night—he could not—he owed it to himself to get a little rest. These were the thoughts that passed rapidly through the doctor's mind, as he walked slowly downstairs to his office.

When he entered two great dark eyes fixed their gaze upon him, and before he could say a word, a voice, trembling with anxiety, said: "Oh, doctor, Nellie is so sick. Do come, quick. Mother is so frightened, and I walked all the way." At once the doctor recognized the lad. It was Jimmy Barrie, whose father had been fatally injured six months before in a mining accident. Now if Jimmy loved anyone, he loved his little five year old sister, and the doctor knew that it was love that had brought the lad a distance of five miles in that bitter cold. Who could resist such a plea?

As the doctor hurriedly gathered together his emergency materials, he questioned Jimmy as to his sister's illness. Was she feverish? Jimmy thought she was, but the fact was that he had been so anxious to reach the doctor as the one hope of safety, that he really did not know what was the matter.

Before many minutes had elapsed, they were ready to start. Wrapping one of his warm coats around Jimmy, who was none too warmly clad for such a bitter night, he lifted him into the sleigh, and soon they were making as rapid speed as possible along the roads, that were already drifting heavily. The wind was bitterly cold. Every few moments flurries of snow were dashed in their faces, as if spirit fingers had caught it up and thrown it, to obstruct their progress. Few were the words spoken. Occasionally Jimmy would remark, "Oh, I wish we were home! Do you think Nellie's very sick, doctor?" Of course the doctor couldn't tell, but he tried to cheer Jimmy with the words, "We'll do our best to fix her up, laddie," and Jimmy, comforted for a time, would nestle closer to the doctor's big fur coat and wait—wait until his anxiety again got the mastery and the exclamations and questions were repeated.

Finally the last turn was made, and the jingle of the sleigh bells, brought comfort and hope to the mother, who was listening so intently for the faintest sound of bells, which might announce the coming of the doctor.

She had been wondering ever since Jimmy left if he would come. It was such a bitter night and she knew he had been out past their home two nights already that week. But he had always come before, and surely he would this time! Yes, she knew he would if he could, and thus assuring herself, she had waited and hoped—hoped and waited—and when at last she heard the sleigh bells, the anxiety in her face gave place to intense relief.

Leaving the pony to Jimmy's care, the doctor hastened to the door, which was thrown open by the mother, who eagerly exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, you've come. I'm so glad," and as he glanced at the anxious face, furrowed with deep wrinkles of care, he was more than thankful that he had come. It had been a hard struggle for the mother to keep the little home since the father had died, leaving no one except twelve year old Jimmy to help her.

The room was neat and clean, but not very warm. The wind whistled through the keyhole, and only a worn piece of carpet, rolled closely to the door, kept the wind from sweeping under the door, carrying flurries of snow along with it. A log burned rather wearily in the fireplace, in spite of the efforts that had been made to rouse the fire.

Wrapped in a gray, plaid shawl, Nellie sat curled up, close to the fire, in the only armchair of which the house could boast. When the doctor caught sight of the little figure, he stepped quickly forward, and stooped over the small face. He felt the rapidly beating pulse, and pushing back the golden curls, clinging to her forehead, placed his cool hand on the dull, burning brow. "Let us have the lamp, mother, till we have a look at the throat," he said. The mother held the lamp close to the little face, while the doctor laid a tender hand on the flushed hot temples, drew down the chin, and took one look at the ugly, inflamed throat. One look was enough to tell him clearly what he feared—and the mother guessed from the anxious look, that there was to be a hard struggle for the little life. Diphtheria germs had been at work and now it was to be a fight between life and death. But, as the doctor looked at the little one, struggling for breath, his usual alertness and keenness took possession of him, and he determined to make it a hard struggle for death, and if possible help life win this battle.

Deftly and quickly he worked with the materials he had at hand. For a time, however, she seemed to grow worse, in spite of his efforts, and her labored breathing was very painful to hear. He glanced at his watch—five minutes to twelve. The words of the poem flashed across his mind, "The year is going, let him go."

Yes, but was the year going to take this little life with him? No. Not if he could help it—and with renewed determination he worked on without a moment's rest, while the tired mother held the lamp, shifting it from one hand to the other. She could not bear to see her child suffer, and kept her eyes fixed on the doctor's face, watching for a gleam of hope there, to comfort her. At last the little patient breathed less painfully, and the doctor told the mother she might put the lamp down for awhile and rest. Unsteadily she set it down, without a word and staggered, as she sank down in a chair. Great sobs shook her slender frame, now that the intense strain was over. Jimmy, who had been a silent witness to it all, hastened to comfort her, and assure her that the doctor would bring Nellie through all right.

Hour after hour, the doctor worked and watched, until the child breathed with comparative ease, and, exhausted from her struggles, fell asleep. It was not until the grey dawn began to

show faintly in the east, that the doctor relaxed his hold of the little hand, and made preparations to leave.

He promised to return early in the afternoon. He had helped life win this battle, and as he drove away, he felt that his night's work had been amply rewarded, by the grateful words and looks from Jimmy and his mother.

During the night the wind had moderated its fury, and now the sky was clearing fast, but the few, frosty-looking stars were quickly disappearing as the dawn of the new day and of the New Year advanced. The sun was just taking his first peep at the New Year as the doctor drove up to the hospital.

Quietly he made away to his room, to snatch a few hours' sleep, before another day would claim his service. The fire still flickered in the grate. The words of the poem came back again to his mind,

“ Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow,”

and glad that he had been able to help the New Year bring hope and joy to two hearts at least, the doctor fell asleep.

I. H. M., '14.

Ruth

Is this, then, love—this yielding of thy heart,
Its sacred dreams, its virgin treasure-trove
Of holy passion, blessed of God above,
To my affection? O, had I the art
To paint thy charm, illumine every part
Of thy sweet innocence with tend'rest love,
That all the world might see how love could prove
Not blind, but quick to see thee as thou art!
Could I but love thee as thyself were worth!
Could I but find in all my heart some breath
Of incense meet to be thy benison!
Yet know that all I am and have on earth
Is thine, and all I hope for after death;
For we shall be as God has made us—one!

B.

"Debating" in Victoria College

In a June production no one would be so rash as to anticipate the publication of anything purely instructive—or even remotely academic; our minds are once more emptied of the accumulated lumber of a college year and we are free for four months to cease eudgelling our wills, and give our own fancies rein. But if a dry-as-dust title must be selected, let its wording be a warning to the non-suspecting reader; he need not even wander through the customary half-page before discovering the hoax—instead, he is forewarned that here, at least, are three pages which he may with good conscience omit—after the novel reader's fashion. What subject is more appropriate than "Debating"?

The irresponsible editors of the "Awful Number" of "Locals" hit off in a very apt manner the general attitude toward debating in Victoria College. "Our College won." "They did! Hurrah!" "What did they win?" "The debate." "Oh, pshaw!" The said editors would have referred to the winning of a Rugby, hockey, or basketball final in a somewhat different manner. Just one more indication that we seem quite incapable while at college of properly relating the mental and physical. We had supposed that the day of muscular prowess had passed—superseded by that of intellectual acuteness. Yet Woodrow Wilson, when a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, felt it incumbent upon him, in a campaign speech, to apologize for bringing political issues to the attention of the public while a National League baseball series was in progress! Apparently we were mistaken, and must readjust our ideas. The trend of student sympathies may be indicated in a similar fashion. Fully four times the number of Victoria students hurrahed themselves hoarse at the final basketball game as attended the final Trinity-Victoria debate on February 13th. Nor is it of use to appeal to that long-suffering fetish "College spirit"—it has been forced to do service on every imaginable occasion—let one but refuse to reveal the brazen quality of his lungs at a rural picnic with "*Hora Hosta*" and he is promptly pronounced wanting in the said *spirit*; a refusal to purchase a ticket to a college concert—to attend a frigid class skating party—to suffer "boredom" for four long hours at a senior dinner—or—high mis-

demeanor—to attend that most vacant of vaeuties, a “Reception”—brings upon the offender the anathemas of the “*faithful*.“ We quite sympathize with the independent man who refuses to sacrifice himself to the pseudo-college spirit and, having once concluded that college debates, though excellent for the participants, are of small value to the audience—decides to remain at home.

Yet this worthy person’s decision may be questioned; the man or woman of influence must be an accustomed speaker. Skill in addressing the public seems to be a prerequisite in the life that tells. We cannot say so much for pre-eminence upon the tennis court, the basketball floor, or the baseball diamond. It has yet to be proved that an excessive interest in the physical development is at all conducive to academic success. We are now growing accustomed to the nervous breakdown of the athlete toward examination time. It is of no worth, of course, to pit these two activities against each other—it may not be valueless, however, to state that the scales may now be overbalanced at Victoria, and not toward the intellectual.

Some part of our enthusiasm for college sports may be attributed to the existence of the athletic “V.” Among women and men it is a much-coveted decoration. One may at the same time gratify his love of sport and satisfy a keen desire to win official recognition for his college and himself. The recent agitation among the men of the college for alterations in the regulations governing the bestowal of “V’s” may have been influential in deciding the Union Literary Society to introduce the system of graded medals for presentation to winners in the oratorical contest, the inter-faculty and inter-year debates. That the medal system will rival the “V” in enlivening interest, creating enthusiasm, and calling out increased numbers of contestants is the hope of the Literary Society. The design with the college crest for a background is to be credited to one of our own students; its originality and grace of form are characteristic of his work. To the six men to whose splendid efforts we owe the presence of the Kerr shield in our cabinet after an absence of three years, silver medals have already been presented, and to the graduates who won the inter-year championship from the third year, bronze medals of similar design have been given.

Next year the gold medal will be awarded for the first time to the winner of the oration contest.

The women of the college were quite as fortunate as the men in their inter-college debating. The hockey champions, St. Hilda's, were not so able upon the defence when the puck was exchanged for the negative of an argument, and the women's debating trophy also reposes this year within the walls of Victoria. The Women's Literary Society has set the standard for the men's organization, for it already has trophies and prizes for inter-faculty and inter-year debates. This must be a gratifying fact to those who resent the insidious criticism of some who seem to be aiming their shafts at co-education.

It would be unwise to state that as a result of the introduction of the medal system there will be a miniature revolution in debating at Victoria College: that our inter-college debating representative will be overwhelmed with applications from eager debaters and that Convocation Hall will be quite incapable of containing those who crowd to listen to our orators. We cannot be termed over-sanguine, however, when we venture to predict that the medal system will be to college debating what the "V" is to college athletics—a stimulator of interest and an incentive to the ambitious.

N. V. B., '15.



From “Acta” of Thirty Years Ago*(Concluded from April number.)****LETTERS TO EMINENT MEN.*****No. I.***To the Rt. Hon. George Washington McSprawle, D.B.L., B.B.*

SIR,—Although your career at College has been short, you have shown all those characteristics that are said by those who know you best to be your most striking ones. Your career has been short, but it is unique in the annals of Victoria. You have already gained two honors, and it is admitted by all that you fully deserve them. Some, however, think that D.B.L. is connected with dumb-bell lifting, and that B.B. has a dim, uncertain, yet possible reference to your powers in the bragging line. Far be it from us to insinuate that there is any truth in such statements, for, from your own lips we have heard a request to an audience that it might under your guidance review the *History of the World*. A man who can review the world's history in fifteen minutes is capable of doing anything, and does not need to call attention to his merits. We feel that there is good stuff in you, and are glad to find that you share our opinion. Never pay attention to adverse criticisms from the undersigned, for if you do, it will result most direfully.

SLAP-DASH.**No. II.***To the Hon. Sir Thomas John Curthose, H. O. S. E.*

SIR,—The public may be surprised that we place you among our eminent men, but if the public had been admitted to the oyster supper in the Library they would soon agree that at least in one line you are likely to become famous. Her majesty on receiving a cablegram from the hon. the leader of the Govt., advising her of your exploits, immediately appointed you Knight of the ancient order of Oyster Soup Eaters. This

distinguished honor was received by you with due modesty, but you would have better pleased your Democratic "feller citizens" by refusing these trappings of Knighthood.

SLAP-DASH.

LITERARY.

SUNSET—JUNE.

BY ADANAC.

By western breezes blown, the heavy clouds,
That all day long, had decked the heavenly dome
With gloomy garment, stained a purplish hue,
Now in battalions break, and one dark mass
Climbing the concave skies, as fades the day,
Displays the grandeur of the sinking sun.—
That radiant orb, whose all supreme command,
This earth, whereon we dwell, must e'en obey,
Now gilds with ruddy glow, the new-born leaves;
And, while the glistening grass, with warm rain wet,
From millions of liquid mirrors, the golden gleam
Reflects, now darts one brilliant ray to earth,
A welcome warm to June—as though to tell
The warbling bird that sings his evening chant;
"E'en with the dying day the rain is done;
No cloud shall dim to-morrow's sun."

REMINISCENCES OF STUDENT LIFE, 1841—'45.

Although "co-education of the sexes" was the rule in the days of the Upper Canada Academy, when I first went there, yet, when the Academy was incorporated as a College and University, this system wisely ceased. And yet it took another (and so far as the students of the College were concerned). a more pleasant and agreeable form. Two Ladies' Academies were established in the town,—one presided over by Mrs. Van-Norman, wife of Rev. Prof. D. C. VanNorman,—and the other was under the direction of Mrs. Hurlburt, wife of Rev. Prof. Jesse Hurlburt. So agreeable were the social relations between these excellent schools and the College, that Saturdays were generally set apart as days on which students of the College had the *entree* to the drawing-rooms of the Academies—always, of

course, under the eye of the Lady Principal concerned, or a Senior Teacher, deputed to be present on these occasions.

I mention these particulars merely to illustrate a characteristic feature of college life at "Old Vic," in those days, without at all expressing any opinion on the subject. All I can say is, that many pleasant results followed from these agreeable social *reunions* between members of the College and of the Ladies' Academies. The rules which governed the intercourse between the students and pupils of these institutions were wise and prudent. No one thought of violating them, for they were felt to be essential to the maintenance of good order and discipline, as well as conservative of the proprieties of social life.

Thus, by means of pleasant and frequent intercourse in literary and other societies of the College, and by contact with refining and elevating influences outside, a spirit of cordiality and friendship sprung up in the college household—gathered together for the first time from town and country and city. It gave these students new ideas of the world, outside of their own homes,—it imposed reciprocal obligations upon them,—infused kindness, and carried with it somewhat of the delightful aroma of the Christian home.

And this leads me to say a word upon another and most potent influence in forming the character of young men at Victoria College. I shall not theorize upon this subject. I shall merely speak of it practically, as it affected myself and many others with me. It was at Victoria College that I became seriously convinced of the reality of the divine truths of our holy religion, and joined in the Christian fellowship of the Church. What struck me particularly at the time, was, the perfect oneness of spirit and feeling which characterized the social religious gatherings of students and teachers, alike,—president, professor, and student, felt themselves, when in that atmosphere, to be all alike children of the same Father in the presence of Him, who is "no respecter of persons," in Christian worship and service. It was, indeed, there that the President revealed the unaffected simplicity of his Christian character, the tender sympathy of his loving heart, and the helpful nature of his religious experience, as expressed in his suggestive counsels and practical advice. In his personal religious influence among the

students, it truly might be said of him, as Goldsmith has said of the Village Preacher:—

“ He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
* * * * * * * * * *
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way”

There was another christian Teacher there, who by his personal demeanor did much to disarm opposition and to commend religion to students of the College. He was a strict disciplinarian in the class room, and could not brook inattention to the matter in hand, or carelessness in the preparation of the lessons. And yet, in meetings for religious conversation and prayer in the College, he was amongst the most simple-hearted and humble Christians there. These things deeply impressed me at the time, and gave to me a new and practical view of religious life,—interwoven, as it was so entirely, with my difficult and daily efforts to discover the royal road to learning.

I have not touched upon the personal characteristics of the students at College in my day. They were very marked in many cases. The after career of most of these students fully illustrated the truth of the trite proverb, that “the child is father to the man.” In recalling the student life and after history of my contemporaries, I can detect a striking coincidence in the conduct and apparent motives of several of the students of those days, and the character and actions of these very men of later years. Many of them rose to distinction and acquired positions of honor and usefulness, which reflected credit on themselves. Their career also demonstrated the patriotic wisdom of the founders of Victoria College, in providing them, at the outset of their career, and in those early days, with facilities for acquiring distinction and honor in the service of their native or adopted country.

EXCHANGES.

The *Presbyterian College Journal* has a very valuable article on “The Fragrant Weed.” Tobacco has been the theme of much bad writing and windy oratory, and very seldom, now-a-days, is anything added to the arguments against its use. But

the *Journal* treats the old hackneyed question in a new and common-sense style. The article is fresh, vigorous and practical.

The *'Varsity*, with characteristic impudence—an impudence born of weakness and malice—attacks, with most insulting language, the organ of the Methodist Church. After a copious use of Billingsgate adjectives, breathing impotent rage, the editor thus concludes:—"We are glad to know that the *Guardian* has long since ceased to be, if it ever was, the mirror of respectable Methodist opinion." What will the *Guardian* and the Methodist people do, now that *'Varsity* is vexed at them?

In the *Polytechnic* for December is a vigorous protest against the tendency of young men to enter one of the professions, because more "respectable" than a trade, rather than from any natural adaption for the profession chosen. We agree with the writer, that the most respectable thing one can do is his duty, whether that be to mix mortar or to mix physic. The "Exchange" department of the *Polytechnic* is bad—very bad.

This is what the *Argus* has to say about the "art of 'suping'" the professors:—"What a strange infatuation that is, that some fellows have, of thinking that they can get better marks by always waiting after recitation and asking questions, and assuming an air of absorbing interest in the study. Have you ever watched one do it? Notice the respectful smile with which he receives any humorous remark on the part of the professor; the deeply reverential air with which he listens to his explanation. Why, any man with a grain of common sense ought to know that our professors are too shrewd to be led away by any such devices as that."

Most of our contemporaries have reviewed Matthew Arnold. By nearly all, it has been thought the correct thing to worship at the shrine of the apostle of "sweetness and light," and to profess an appreciation of his work. But, a few are not inclined to accept with gratitude his criticisms upon New World society. The *Collegiate*, from Franklin College, Indiana, particularly, is impatient of this literary snobbery, and criticizes severely, yet soberly, this "degenerate son of an illustrious sire." We heartily concur in its sentiments. In the same paper is a short, well written editorial, protesting against the use of college slang, which it characterizes as "vulgar, low-bred, and a mark of verdancy in its uses."

PERSONALS.

The Editor of this department requests the active co-operation of every Alumnus, undergraduate and specialist, in securing accurate information concerning former students of this University.

ACTA has the largest circulation of any College Journal in the Province.

Harry G. Livingstone, '85, now on the Trafalgar Circuit, says:—"Let us do all we can to increase ACTA's circulation." Work it up!

Rev. H. W. Crews, B.A., '81, is at Dorchester Station. He is glad to see that things are all alive about "Old Vic," and heartily wishes ACTA every success.

G. R. Watson, B.A., writing from Roanoke, Va., says:—Welcome, dear ACTA, to sunny lands and strange borders. Thy motto is "Excelsior," and thy history, progress and improvement.

The numerous friends of J. A. Thomas, B.A., Class '79, selected him as their candidate for Alderman in one of the Wards of London City. It should be remembered that Mr. Thomas is very young for a seat among the City Fathers, having graduated as a boy from "Old Vic." but a few years ago. He has been quite successful in his financial operations.

We were very sorry to hear that J. W. Hough, B.A., who graduated in 1880, and secured a very good position as High School Teacher, has been compelled to resign his position on account of ill health. It is very much to be regretted that one cannot use his education after spending so much time and labor in attaining it. Boys, don't study too hard!

G. B. Sparling, M.A., sends a kind note from Upper Canada College. After expressing his delight at the "get up" of the organ, he says:—"I would like to see the question of a more radical re-construction of the Senate advocated in ACTA. It (the Senate) has too much of the behind-the-age element in it. The alumni—the majority of whom are more modern men, with more practical and advanced ideas,—should have a much larger representation than at present." Mr. S.'s suggestion is certainly worthy of consideration.

CLIPPINGS.

YOUNG AMERICA.

My pony 'tis of thee,
Emblem of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Book of my school-time days,
Worthy of fondest praise,
Worthy of poet's lays,
I'd tribute bring.

My gallant pony thee,
Help to the wearied be,
When "Ex." is nigh.
I love thy well-worn look,
Thou gentle little book;
Down in some hidden nook,
Silently lie.

"There is meter prosaic—dactylic;
There is meter for laugh and for moan;
But the meter that's never prosaic,
Is the "meet her by moonlight alone."

Shust tell me now vat is a Dute?
Is it somethings or other dot's gute?
Or is it one of dese dings,
Vat has long legs und vings,
Vat you go mit a gun out und shoot?

"Are you feeling very ill?" asked the physieian; "let me see your tongne, please." "It's no use, doetor," replied the patient; "no tongne can tell how bad I feel."

Polite clerk (who has been showing stockings)—"What number do you wear, madam?" Old lady (indignantly)—"Two, you fool, do you take me for a quadruped?"

Absent-minded man of business writing.—"Oh, Mr. — (forgets his name) will you excuse me one minute? Take a seat." Meek client.—"Thank you, I have one." Man of Business.—"That's all right; take another."

A dandy, strutting about a tavern, took up a pair of green spectaels which lay on the table, put them on his nose, and, turning to the looking-glass, said: "Landlord, how do these become me? Don't you think they improve my looks?" "I think they do," replied the landlord, "they hide a part of your face."

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic faney. "I would rather you were a comet," she said, in a

dreamy tone, that made his pulse quicken with hope. "And why?" he asked, with suppressed anxiety. "Oh," she replied, in a freezing tone, "if you were a comet you would only come 'round once in 1,500 years."

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

The Ohio Wesleyan University has abandoned the plan of allotting commencement parts only to the best scholars, as it proved a failure.

The Harvard Union, a few days ago, debated the following:—"Resolved. That the requirement of Greek for admission to Harvard College should be abolished." A ballot taken after the debate resulted: Ayes, 15; Noes, 21.

Professor Wheeler, of Yale, at a recent college dinner in Chicago, said that twenty-five years ago the average Yale student was a long-haired individual wrapped in a blanket shawl. To-day he looked like a gentleman, whether he acted like one or not. The change, he believed, was due to athletics.

An assistant master in one of the public schools of London, Eng., was recently summoned before a magistrate on the charge of assaulting one of the pupils, a boy eight years old. The boy was very talkative and unruly it appeared in evidence, and the master, in order to make an example of him and try to put him to shame, tied a string round his tongue and fastened him to a chair. No serious damage was done, and the charge was dismissed.

New Ideas is the title of a monthly publication of small size and great pretensions, which has quite recently made its first appearance in London, Eng. "A pailful of liquid literature to be poured into the sea of oblivion," the author assures us it is not. On the contrary, it is "a permanence of reflectional sequences, its specialty being in its originality," and therefore, "worth placing on the shelf of retention." Unless the thing is really a piece of clever fooling, designed to turn into ridicule a certain style of pretentious writing, not uncommon in these days, then the publisher is certainly one of the sickliest cranks out of Bedlam. His desire, he tells the public, "is to formulate a followment from the ripple of the rudimentary to the ideal superviewance of universality, so that all may run who read."

From Victoria's Representative in China

CHUNGKING, SZECHUAN.

The Students of Victoria College:

Dear Friends:—It was good news to hear that you had decided to undertake my support, or to put it in Chinese, that I might continue to “eat your rice” for another year. I just wish I could report having done something worth while! I have just returned from a week’s trip in the country with one of the older men. One needs to get away from one’s books occasionally, and try out what one has learned, and to become used to living amongst the people. It was a satisfaction to me to find that it was possible to spend the night in a Chinese inn and to live on Chinese food, for part time at least. Ham and liver with sugar on, is hardly a dish one would order for breakfast at home, but it is nourishing.

I am spending my first year on the hills, about five miles from Chungking. Except for two trips of about three weeks in all, and occasional visits to the city, I have seen little of the actual work. My time is put in altogether at the language. Sometimes it seems to be yielding a little, and then again, it seems to continue absolutely intact.

One is frequently impressed in China with the heartlessness of the people. Last week, we were crossing the river, on the way to the city to buy some Christmas presents, when suddenly we heard the blare of trumpets, and out from the city gate marched a company of soldiers dragging eleven men out to the riverside to be beheaded. Around them, the people were thronging in thousands, and rushing to find a good place from which to view the spectacle. Although we met them, I noticed only two of the men. One was shouting, and begging for pardon. The other had such a look of fear on his face as I had never seen before. The death of those few men in itself was a small thing, but when one realizes that the punishment is frequently unjust, and when one sees thousands of men, women and children eagerly watching the awful drama, one feels the chill of a Christless world. We talk about bringing our Western knowledge to China, our railroads, our mines, our factories, but what are these, what are any advances of a

material sort compared with that brotherly kindness of heart which comes only with the good news of a Father's love for all His children?

Some student will probably say that I am repeating what all missionaries claim. We have long heard the statement: "China needs the Gospel," but it takes some time to become convinced of it.

At the risk of wearying some of you who may not be sinologues, I am going to give you a little sermon from the Sacred Edict. It is perhaps as much of a gospel as the Chinese have. We hear a great deal of late years about the Social Message of Christianity. The Saered Edict is social only. According to Mr. Baller, whose translation I am going to use, "the recognition of man's responsibility to God is unknown—almost unhinted at." One very frequently sees street preachers expounding this "Way of Life." When a village feels the need of moral reform, they subscribe and engage a man to come and urge upon them one and all the importance of being filial. His sermon consists practically altogether of illustrations. I will confine myself to the philosophy of the doctrine.

Text: Duty to parents is a self-evident principle of nature, and the root of virtuous conduct in man.

" You who are children, and do not know how to do your duty by your parents, only think of their passionate affection for you and see whether you ought to be filial or not."

" When you were a baby in arms, were you hungry? You could not feed yourself: cold? you could not clothe yourself. Your parents looked upon your face, listened to your voice. Did you laugh? they were pleased: did you cry? they were sad. Did you toddle? step by step they followed you. . . . The Gospel, then, is that our parents love us. To that love we owe everything; we must give our lives in return."

" Now, the performance of duty to parents is no impossibility; it is merely to put their minds at rest, and to care for their bodies. How put their minds at rest? At home, in the ordinary course of things, do good, and be good. If you are a scholar, study with painstaking application; if a farmer, cultivate the land diligently; if either engaged in a trade, or making a livelihood by working for others, all that is necessary is to be content with your lot. How should you minister to their bodily

wants? To the extent of your ability, to the limit of your means, sedulously cherish the aged couple. Rather eat less and use less yourself, that they may have all they want to eat and to use. Take a little trouble for your father and mother. Bear some of their burdens. If they are ill, call a doctor to attend to them: this is all that is required to care for their bodies."

"But, unfortunately, there are wilful people without manners or breeding. . . . Their parents find fault with them or scold them a little: they at once become sulky. Their own wives are all the time well-fed, and warmly clad as can be, while their parents are at the point of starvation and freezing. That Justice will not tolerate men of this stamp goes without saying: even their own children will imitate their example. Notice, where have undutiful sons turned out any good children?"

"Then, there is an ill-bred expression: such a man will say, 'I do wish to be filial, but alas, my parents do not love me.' He is unaware, however, that sons ought not to discuss right and wrong with their parents. Parents are like heaven. Heaven produces a blade of grass. The arrival of spring, causing it to germinate, and autumn, coming to kill it with frost, are equally by the will of heaven. In like manner, the power of life and death over the body which they have begotten, lies with the parents. What have you to urge to the contrary? The Ancients said, 'Under heaven, there are no parents in the wrong.'"

Moreover, the punishment of undutiful and insubordinate conduct is very severe. Look at the Penal Code of the Great Pure Dynasty:—

"Sons or grandsons who bring a charge against parents or grandparents, and wives or concubines who bring a charge against the husband or his parents or grandparents, are beaten one hundred heavy blows and banished for three years; if the charge is false, they are strangled."

"Younger brothers or sisters who strike elder brothers or sisters, are beaten ninety heavy blows and banished for two-and-a-half years; if they wound them, they are beaten one hundred heavy blows and banished for three years; if death ensue, they are beheaded."

"Male or female slaves who curse their masters, are strangled; if they strike them, they are beheaded; if they kill them, they are put to death by slow degrees."

I would like to quote at greater length, but must not. If any of you would care to know more on this subject, just write me any questions that may arise in your minds, and I will try to find the answer.

Several things strike one on reading it. It is clearly a serious attempt to solve the problems of a patriarchal state of society. It speaks of justice or "Heavenly Principles," but it means simply the consideration of one's parents. It confines itself entirely to the relations of man to man, and of these only those of blood are sacred. The idea of a Heavenly Father, "from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named," is not to be found. So it is really not so strange that the people rush in thousands to see their fellows executed. They have not heard of Him through whom we have come to know the Father.

Council meets in Chungking next week. When it is over, I will try to write you something of the work our men are doing. I bespeak your prayers for all of us, that we may be used to advance the Kingdom a little in this great but very needy land.

Yours faithfully,

HOMER G. BROWN.



ACTA VICTORIANA

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EDITORIAL

A new step in the financial policy of Victoria is outlined in this number of ACTA by Chancellor Bowles. He tells of the creation, at the annual meeting of the Board of Regents, of the office of Bursar or Superintendent of Finance, whose occupant will devote himself to the increase of the endowment of Victoria. Mention of the new scheme in ACTA will, it is hoped, bring before the attention of a larger number of our graduates and friends the increasing financial burdens of Victoria, as well as indicate the method of attack whereby the Board of Regents hopes to cope with the situation which has arisen.

Chancellor Bowles is confident that, as in times past, ample funds will be forthcoming from the people of Canadian Methodism in support of the larger Victoria. Especially does he count on the aid of the graduates of Victoria. He mentions with much gratification the action of the class of '89, which at its reunion, held recently here, contributed a substantial sum to the endowment fund of the College. In this gift the class of '89 has done itself much honour, and we think it probable that other classes will from time to time follow the good lead.

There is no doubt that Victoria maintains a grip of unusual intensity upon the affections of her sons and daughters. The bond between themselves and her was strongly welded, while here, and is not easily severed. There is every reason to believe that her graduates will be among the leaders in any movement undertaken for the making of substantial increases to the endowment of Victoria.

The Outgoing of the Class of '14

Four brief sessions during four short years—and the class of '14 passes out from college halls. In prospect, the way appeared long; in retrospect, its members know not "whither the years have sped." But so it will ever be.

Do they know more than when they entered? Probably they better realize how vast is the field of knowledge and how insignificant relatively is their advance therein. But then it has not been for the acquiring of knowledge only that for four years they have lived in a college world, fighting within its arena most of the types of battle which may come to men. Here they have had many opportunities to try themselves out, to measure themselves against difficulties and to estimate their powers. Many have become emboldened by success and are ready, confident in their powers, to wrest victory from the world.

But for some there has come perchance a sense rather of their limitations. Perhaps they have come to realize that theirs must be a losing battle. But so long as they have also learned that the fight rather than the victory is the big thing, if they can feel the truth of those words of Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"What I aspire to be,
And was not, comforts me,"

their course has served its true function.

And now the paths diverge. Some will enter the teaching profession; others will preach; others will essay to become "learned in the law"—all of them will, we know, remain true to the ideals of their College and their University. And in their going out, what will constitute a worthy ambition for the graduates of '14? Shall they centre their energies upon achieving Success? Ah! that term is a misnomer. Success is frequently a

gilded thing, and what the world esteems success is often really failure. Shall they strive for Wealth? Surely, one of the first things their course has taught them is that wealth is among the lesser things of genuine living. Shall they seek Happiness? No, at least not in its narrower sense of pleasure, for, after all, it is the griefs which must come which bring out the deepest and best in human life.

We think our graduates cannot do better than to strive for a spirit of true contentment—contentment in the largest meaning of the term, in the sense which necessitates striving constantly and courageously for the higher and the better—but yet satisfied, whether the rewards be great or little, “therewith to be content.” To them let there be given that

“Content which from employment springs,
A heart which at his labour sings.”

Let them feel a genuine joy in doing even little things.

A Final Word Concerning Acta

With this number there is concluded the thirty-eighth volume of ACTA VICTORIANA. Thirty-eight years of existence is in itself a record of which many a periodical would be proud. During all that time ACTA has passed through various phases of development and has always had a very large place as an institution of the College. Doubtless its future holds great development and improvement in store.

But just what ACTA's future should be is a question which presents many difficulties. Various problems of policy have perplexed and will continue to perplex her Editorial Boards.

For instance, should ACTA in these days of the brilliantly written, high-priced short story, attempt to present short stories within its pages written by the students? Certainly the amateur writer cannot be expected to compete in point of interest and skill with the professional and more experienced writer. But, on the other hand, ACTA should surely provide a means whereby our students may develop latent powers as writers of short stories.

Then, too, what should be the policy of ACTA with respect to the graduates? Our alumni, we fear, tend to be discriminated against in favor of the undergraduates. These want a reflection

of the existing college life; they are interested only in a very impersonal way with the happenings of those who are gone out from the College. But yet it is the undoubted duty of ACTA to keep close track upon the graduates of Victoria as they make their way in life.

Again, we have the question as to how far ACTA should seek to fill its pages with "heavy" articles concerning matters in which the students should be interested, but frequently are not. There are many students taking ACTA who never see what precedes Athletics and Locals. Is ACTA wrongly constituted or are they? Or, perhaps, are they both?

These and many other difficulties present themselves. We suppose that the whole matter must be settled, as so many problems are, upon some principle of compromise. But in any such policy there is always the danger that no one will be pleased. Nevertheless we have only to say that our ACTA work has been the most interesting college work we have undertaken. Our task has been a veritable "labour of love." And now—for us—is the end. We believe ACTA is singularly fortunate in its Editorial Board for the academic year 1914-15. Under the stirring management of our successors, the magazine may be depended on to be the best that has been. To them we bequeath our joys and sorrows with the assurance that, in conducting ACTA, a most fascinating task lies before them.



The Grad's Letter

TORONTO, MAY 23RD, 1914.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Do you know that in bidding me concoct a "grad's" letter you are putting me in a very uncomfortable position? Only three days ago I handed in my last (?) paper, a masterpiece of ignorance which verbosity had subtly attempted to conceal. The "results" are not out yet, and I am in fear and trembling. However, I suppose I am not the only one thus tormented.

Since examinations closed I have been out of a job. This is one of the most delightful experiences I ever had, for a rest, though enforced, is a most welcome change after four years haunted with the horrors of work yet undone. But I have been doing something. I have been trying to figure out just what I have gained from an Arts course and a university training. I am not going to dogmatize. Neither do I want to assume the dignity of a graduate of ten years' standing. Yet it seems to me that, standing "at the parting of the ways," I may be able somewhat to combine the seriousness of the alumnus with the verdaney and enthusiasm of the freshman, to represent the standpoints both of the graduate and of the undergraduate. Thus I hope my own opinions may not entirely misrepresent those of the class of 1914.

Well, as I said, I have been wondering what good a university training has done me. I have taken an Arts course, or rather, the Calendar has conducted me through the course without any regard to my own inclinations. What I have learned is this: that I know absolutely nothing. And yet I feel that it is better to think thus than to leave the university with a trunk full of medals, and inebriated perhaps with an exalted opinion of my own infinite wisdom. The academic work that I have done in but a very desultory fashion has, however, accomplished one thing. It has opened up vistas of thought and of reading which had remained, to me, hitherto unsuspected. I have learned to enjoy good books. Some day I may be able to go on from where I left off.

It is in activities unconnected, however, with the Calendar that I have most enjoyed myself. At receptions I admired the

co-eds, but my brilliance among the fair sex was dim in comparison with several members of the class who were cultivating moustaches. I went to two Y. M. C. A. meetings. The first one was the opening meeting in my freshman year. I attended under the impression that refreshments were to be served. The occasion of my second visit was the gathering last winter at which the President of the Athletic Union presided. I certainly enjoyed myself. I am afraid I have missed a good deal by not going oftener, but a fellow can't be in two places at once, and my presence was usually required on the rink. I have played handball with everybody from the most profound theologues to the members of the "Ladies' Aid." The alley board does more for social life in the College than all the functions put together. Rugby, hockey and tennis have kept me going all the year around. In fact this major part of university life has taken up so much of my time that the curriculum has received but scant attention. I have heard numerous graduates bewail the fact that they had not given more time to studying. I must say that I am not of their number. It must be remembered that the pursuit of athletics and other student activities is not loafing. If I were a freshman again I would not take one minute of my time from the "extras" to put it on purely scholastic affairs. There are a lot of people, especially among those who do not have to put themselves through, who forget that a university training is not an end in itself, but only the means to an end. The question you ask yourself at the end of your four years is, "What am I good for now?" not "What have I done at college?" The possession of the Governor-General's gold medal, of a "T" or a "V," or the fact of having served on numerous councils and committees is not going to make the graduate a success. Everything, of course, contributes toward the sum total of your undergraduate career. But even though due attention is paid to athletics and the social life, four years spent in the average Arts course will be a pure fiasco unless it has resulted in the ability to do real work. At least that is the way it strikes me. The languages and history are not in themselves of great importance. It is the training got by the study of them. And there is something else that seems to me to count at least as much, if not more, than anything else. I suppose every student makes five hundred or a thousand friends and acquaintances. It stands to reason

that his knowledge of and sympathy with human nature will be immeasurably increased by contact with such a large number of fellow-undergraduates. If he has not benefited by his associations, university training has meant nothing to him.

Well, you must pardon me for preaching so much. This sounds like a new-fledged B.D.'s first sermon, though I am afraid that any theologue would take such a comparison as an insult. However, this "spouting" has relieved my mind a little. There are one or two things I should like to mention before I close. 1913-14 has been a red-letter year. Besides seeing the departure of Victoria's most famous class, it has witnessed the opening of Burwash Hall. The new residence accommodates only a hundred and twenty out of the four hundred odd male students of the college. The danger is that the men in residence, being better organized and knowing each other more intimately, may exercise an undue influence in student activities. Cliques and factions are far more liable to arise in residence life than they are where no such powerful means of organization exist. If there is anything that Victoria College has stood for, it is for men who stand on their own feet. Private canvassing and electioneering are surely out of place where a man is known by his own character and personality. In class, Y. M. C. A. and Athletic Union elections candidates should stand on their own feet, and be elected according to merit. Otherwise the College will lose the services of its best men.

But it is time for me to check this flow of rhetoric. I hope you will pardon the immaturity which I have striven so painfully to conceal.

Sincerely yours,

'14.

Personals and Exchanges

Personals

Mr. J. S. Jamieson, M.A., a graduate of Victoria in 1875, obtaining his Master's degree in 1879, has recently retired from the principalship of the Morrisburg Collegiate Institute after a period of service of 31 years. The Morrisburg Board of Education, in accepting the resignation of Mr. Jamieson, passed a resolution of appreciation and appointed a committee to prepare a testimonial. Mr. A. D. Jamieson, '15, is a son of Mr. Jamieson.

Among the list of new lawyers recently graduated from Osgoode appear the names of the following Victoria graduates: Leopold Macauley, J. R. Rumball, F. E. Hetherington, J. F. P. Birnie, R. P. Locke and W. W. Evans.

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. G. L. Haggen, B.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, in which he wishes all good things for ACTA. Mr. Haggen was Literary Editor of ACTA in his final year at Victoria.

MARRIAGES.

An issue of the Banff *Crag and Canyon* is to hand containing an account of the marriage of Mr. K. H. Smith, B.A., a Victoria graduate of 1908, to Miss G. M. Armstrong of Banff. Mr. Smith is a brother of Mr. J. R. Smith, M.A., and Miss M. S. Smith, '17. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will make their home at Ottawa during the present year. The account goes on to state that Mr. Smith has been given charge of the Dominion exhibit at the coming Panama Exposition.

The marriage took place on Tuesday, May 12th, of Miss Muriel Birnie, B.A. (Vic. '10) to Mr. M. A. Miller, B.A. (Vic. '10), barrister, of Weyburn, Sask. Among those present were Mr. J. V. MacKenzie, B.A., and Mr. J. F. P. Birnie, B.A. Mr. and Mrs. Miller will reside at Weyburn, Sask.

DEATHS.

ACTA regrets to chronicle the death of Mrs. Percy Sutton, formerly Miss Ella McLean (Vic. '02), who passed away at Pakan, Alberta, on March 29th. It will be remembered that the late Mrs. Sutton addressed a meeting of the Missionary Conference here at Victoria College last fall. She was married to the Rev. Percy Sutton only at Christmas time, and the two were in the Austrian work at Pakan. Speaking of Mrs. Sutton, Mr. C. F. Connolly writes: "ACTA cannot praise her too highly. The character of her work was the highest, and time alone will tell what great good she has done among her Austrian friends."

The death took place early in May of Mr. A. B. Willmott, B.A.Sc. (Tor.), M.A. (Harvard), a graduate of Victoria in 1887. The late Mr. Willmott was Professor of Natural Science at McMaster University, 1892-1900, and since that time has had a busy and most useful career as a geologist and consulting engineer. His book, "The Mineral Wealth of Canada," is widely known. A son, Mr. A. R. Willmott, has just completed his second year at Victoria.

Exchanges

An article entitled "Literature and Life" in *The Argosy* is the excuse for the following soliloquy. It was, on the whole, little more than a staggering list of books suggested as worth reading; it was the very immensity of the series that made the editor wonder—and write.

The wonder was: How much does the average college student read, aside from his course? What does he read? How does he read?

The first retort will doubtless be, "Why read outside of the required books? Surely a glance at the calendar will assure anyone of the magnitude of that task." True enough, even apart from the fact that the majority of us are in blissful ignorance of what the calendar does suggest. But two facts remain. Our courses are narrow; concentration upon them will inevitably turn out intellectual bigots. The well-developed man of to-day must have more than a knowledge of a specialized branch;

to be truly worthy of the adjective "educated" he must be well and widely read. Again, what we read in connection with our courses we are forced to read. We can scarcely truly enjoy it. It is only when we get outside the path of obligation that we begin to find pleasure in a book, that we enter into its spirit. And that genuine taste for the good and true in literature which is one of the things worth having in life is usually the product of literary vagrancy, meanderings from the path of necessity and curricula.

What to read? Far be it from the writer to presume to suggest. Sufficient that it be worthy, likeable, various. Too often after the strain of studies we turn to the shallowest pools for relaxation. A plunge, wild and heedless though it be, but in the deep, is much more invigorating and restful. But, on the other hand, it is rarely of any use to stick to a book until it becomes hateful to you because a friend of different tastes or a writer of dogmatic tendencies demanded. Be sure you like it, be sure it is worth liking.

And then, How to read? We all have our ways of reading, most of them wrong when applied to Literature, with a capital "L." The student of history will slide over Browning, be able to tell you the number of the line, and the title, of any extract, and be not a whit the wiser or the richer. The student in philosophy may take Carlyle and analyse and criticize, call him idealist or what not, and still be no more than a philosopher. The political science man may condemn Ruskin and all his economic fables, and still be far from Ruskin. We must understand; far more, we must sympathize, must read for what a man feels and is, rather than for the bare shell of his thought.

Most of us have views of what an all-round man is; that is the secret of our organizations and extra-academic activities. And surely among these there is time for a few hours a week with the great and true in literature. We spend hours with the Glee Club for vocal training, we strive to develop talents in speaking and debating; we contend for honors in many lines. But in times to come, when voices are cracked, when our debating has lost its old-time vigor and effectiveness, when honors are forgotten, then a well-developed taste for the best in literature will abide with us, a constantly richer joy and friend. Or so they say.

ABOUT EXCHANGES.

Just a word at the end of the term about the column, something of a confession, possibly of obituary. It is a funny task—"funny" in the ordinary well-understood sense. There lies before the editor a huge pile of exchanges; they have been coming in all month; the editor says he wants "copy" tomorrow, and so—. Well, he reads them, parts of them. Most of them, with all apologies to our contemporaries, are little worth reading to an outsider. Some are generally, all are sometimes, really good. Too many consist in an intolerable series of details of local events and pseudo-jokes. Some have clever skits and very passable "yarns." Some are literary, a few clamorously so, bordering on "highbrowism." They are all interesting from one point of view at any rate, they give a glimpse of life and ways in other colleges, and comparisons are, at least, rather engaging. Perhaps, the estimates formed are far from just, of one as severely academic, of a second as entirely frivolous, of a third as a society belle and little more. Most probably we are much of a sort, but the impression remains.

And after more or less pretence of reading there are three methods of procedure. If in a hurry select a likely looking article or story and transcribe a few random quotations. That is the lazy way. Again, review some article or story, criticize, interpret, comment. That is the authorized way, yet to this editor rather dull, possibly too laborious. And finally the most attractive because the most free: run over some article, and with that as text, "go everywhere preaching," use it merely as a starting-point for one's own meditations and fancies and sagenesses. Of course it is very unorthodox, very enjoyable for the writer, probably very tiresome for the reader. However, it is done.

A May Nightmare

The poor B.M., after "doping" a few "sure" questions for his jurisprudence exam. of the following day, had plugged these "dopes" till 2.00 a.m. in the glow of the midnight tungsten. Then, setting the alarm for 5.00, he began his evening supplication, which was dominated throughout, though sub-consciously of course, by an earnest petition that his "dope" might be good. The "blessed barrier" was soon erected, and the B.M.'s brain launched out on the sea of fantastic creations. Many dream waves rocked the frail craft, but one breaker all but swamped it. To drop the crude figure, the B.M.'s dreams ended in a nightmare hideous enough to cause nervous prostration in any but one immune to such a disease through inoculation by countless milder attacks.

Here, in substance, is that nightmare:

Awaking at 9.15, he threw on his clothes and rushed madly for the delightful spot designated as "W" on the time-table. He was just five minutes late, but the papers had already been distributed. An examiner, in uniform, had been stupid enough to hand him the wrong paper three times, but finally he secured the right sheet and at 9.45 sat down to see if he had "doped" reasonably well. Can you imagine his feelings on seeing a paper like the following?

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.
Annual Examinations, 1914.

FOURTH YEAR—SPECIAL.
Political Banking.

EXAMINER—NED PRATT, C.D.Q.

NOTE.—Candidates are advised to answer not more than five questions.

1. Discuss the theory of taxation advanced at either
 - (a) The Diet of Worms.
 - (b) The Field of the Cloth of Gold.
 - (c) The Varsity-McGill Game.
 - (d) The Second Hague Conference.

✓
)

2. There are 391,243½ words in the Bible, 42,981 in Bryce's "The Holy Roman Empire."

In the light of the above information discuss the logical result of the present arbitration proceedings at Niagara Falls, and add a brief note, containing about 800 words, on the economic interpretation of soccer. Also forecast the number of vibrations per second of Tommy Cornett's knees when he addresses the arbitrators as the representative of the International Polity Club.

3. Compare the political system of the City of Toronto with the height of the C. P. R. building, showing the importance of the latter in international arbitration.

4. The steel rails used by the C. P. R. are twice as heavy as those used by the G. T. R. What effect, if any, has this on the price of meals at

- (a) Annesley Hall?
- (b) South Hall?
- (c) Burwash Hall?
- (d) The King Edward Hotel?

There were several more questions on the paper, but before reading further the B.M. thought he would look round to see how the others were taking it. Immediately to his right he saw the Editor-in-Chief wearing a benign grin and writing like—well, writing as if he were perfectly satisfied. The poor B.M. then began to read further to discover if there was anything in the remainder of the paper which could reasonably be expected to cause that grin and that hasty pen.

However, before he had gotten well into the fifth question, five o'clock had arrived and the alarm called him to work.

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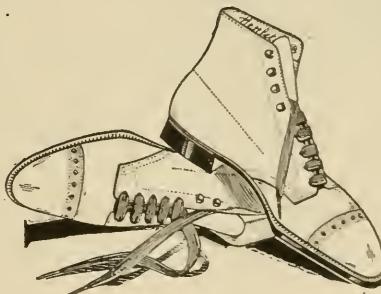
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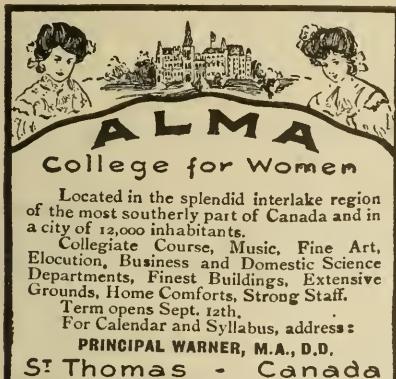
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**Official Calendar of the Department
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July

1. **DOMINION DAY.** (Wednesday).

Arbitrators to settle basis of taxation in Union School Sections if Assessors disagree. (On or before 1st July). [P. S. Act, sec. 29 (5)].

Last day for establishing new High Schools by County Councils. [H. S. Act, sec. 7]. (On or before 1st July).

2. Summer Schools open.

15. Inspectors' Reports of Fifth Forms due. (On or before 15th July). Separate School supporters to notify Municipal Clerk. [Sep. Sch. Act, sec. 71.] (On or before 15th July.)

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